

#### Maestro Insana Goes West IV

The metamorphosis began shortly after passing  
Through Ovid, Col. The dead flat plains broke  
Suddenly into hills with plants of Indian  
Paintbrush -- Marlboro red -- and columbine.  
Don't pick! And go west, old man, we did  
To Greeley whence we came to rest with the  
Mountains waiting heavily on the horizon.

#### Maestro Insana Goes West V

The radiator boiled over delightedly  
In the rarified air -- 13,000 feet --  
As tourists we were in Rocky Mountain  
Park we tossed the remains of the brownies,  
Crumbs, over the stone retaining wall  
Where Clark's nutcracker and common  
Chipmunk vied for a share of the handout.  
The first mountain streams of fresh water,  
An inquisitive marmot looking like a lost  
Beaver above the timberline, pausing to  
Throw snowballs. It seemed a pity to live  
Back there on Michigan Avenue.

#### Maestro Insana Goes West VI

The sun dropped behind Pike's Peak as we  
Watched from the bathroom window of the  
Blue Fox Motel, the only room with a view.  
No more hamburgers tonight. Vincent's  
Six course dinner for \$1.49. (Skipped the 10 cent  
Hamburgers at Michael's Drive-Inn.) And all night  
Stayed awake listening enviously to a tribe  
Of Pueblo Indians (college graduation party)  
Hold a mad bash on both floors with beer-can  
Joy and giggling girls footstepping along the  
Runways. They seemed almost American.

#### Maestro Insana Goes West VII

The chapel, of course, Saarinen's steel accordion;  
Like waltzing inside a moving kaleidoscope.  
Protestants upstairs! Catholics downstairs!  
Jews in the little room on the side, please!